

Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why com'st thou in such
poste?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Torke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My Brother Mountague shall poste to London,
Let Noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: He winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Torke. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.

The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

John. Shee shall not neede, we'll meete her in the
field.

Torke. What, with five thousand men?

Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.

A Woman's general: what should we feare?

A March as farre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:

Let's set our men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them Battaille straight.

Torke. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.

Many a Battaille haue I wonne in France,

When as the Enemie hath bene tenne to one:

Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,

Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murder not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. Exit.

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
He open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes aunder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatening Looke.
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stoppt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:

No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The fight of any of the House of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.

Therefore--

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne,
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me.

Least in reuenge thereof, fith God is iust,

He be as miserably slaine as I.

Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,

And when I giue occasion of offence,

Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-
fore dye.

Rutland. *Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tua.*

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet:

And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,

Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood

Congel'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. Exit.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Torke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:

My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;

And all my followers, to the eager foe

Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,

Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-staru'd Wolues.

My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:

But this I know, they haue demean'd themselves

Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.

Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,

And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,

In blood of those that had encountered him:

And when the hardiest Warriors did retyre,

Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,

And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearken, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Sute, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme

With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre,

And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Torke. My almes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth

A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:

And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,

Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,

So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,

So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,

Breath out Inuettues 'gainst the Officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, but bebinke thee once againe,

And in thy thought ore-run my former time:

And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,

Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,

But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes

I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deaf; speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heare.

What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,

For one to thrust his Hand betwene his Teeth,

When he might spurne him with his Foot away?

It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,

And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the

Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the

Net.

Torke. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,

So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matche.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto

him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,

That taught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,

Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.

What, was it you that would be Englands King?

Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of your high Descent?

Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

And where's that valiant Cro-

Diekie, your Boy, that with his

Was wont to cheare his Dad i

Or with the rest, where is your

Looke Torke, I stay'd this Na

That valiant Clifford, with his

Made issue from the Bosome o

And if thine eyes can water fo

I giue thee this to drie thy Che

Alas poore Torke, but that I ha

I should lament thy miserable

I prythee giue me, to make me

What, hath thy fierie heart fo

That not a Teare can fall, for R

Why art thou patient, man? th

And I, to make thee mad, doe n

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I m

Thou would'st be feed'd, I see, to

Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he

A Crowne for Torke; and Lor

Hold you his hands, whilest I c

I marry Sir, now lookes he like

I, this is he that tooke King H

And this is he was his adopted

But how is it, that great Planta

Is crown'd so soone, and broke

As I bebinke me, you should n

Till our King Henry had shook

And will you pale your head in

And rob his Temples of the D

Now in his Life, against your h

Oh 'tis a fault too too vnparde

Off with the Crowne; and with

And whilst we breathe, take t

Clifford. That is my Office

Queene. Nay stay, let's

makes.

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of Fra

But worse then Wolues of Fra

Whose Tongue more poysons

How ill-beseeming is it in thy

To triumph like an Amazonia

Vpon their Woes, whom Fort

But that thy Face is Vizard-like

Made impudent with vse of eu

I would assay, prou'd Queene,

To tell thee whence thou cam'st

Were shame enough, to shame

Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beares the type of

Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem

Yet not so wealthie as an Engl

Hath that poore Monarch taug

It needes not, nor it bootes the

Vnlesse the Adage must be ver

That Beggars mounted, runne

'Tis Beautie that doth oft mak

But God he knowes, thy share

'Tis Vertue, that doth make th

The contrary, doth make thee

'Tis Gouernment that makes r

The want thereof, makes thee

Thou art as opposite to euery

As the Antipodes are vnto vs,

Or as the South to the Septentr

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a